1933

Wednesday 180a

Lucca. May 17th

Dear Dolphin

I have tried several times to write to you, but this almost impossible, owing to every sort of noise, & then I'm so sleepy after a bottle of Chianti; & as a matter of fact there is only description of natural objects & works of art to offer you. And you don't write. Post after post comes; none from Dolphin. So far we have had no accidents, but some moments of agony when the fluid wheel has stuck, or the gear gone wrong. And we have been all through Siena, & as far as Siena, indeed only 50 miles short of Rome. Undoubtedly Tuscany ~~is~~ beyond Siena is the most beautiful & all lands anywhere — this, at the moment. Every inch a bit Eden with flowers: then there are Nightingales: but this the hills, — no, I will not describe for your annoyance. what is to me the loveliest, the most sympathetic, & I may say Virgilian of countries: for 12 years since we read Virgil together

& he very properly told me not to waste a word about landscape or art either.

And the peasants are infinitely the best of our kind — Oh how much preferable to the Sandy, the Smythes, the Logans! My Italian land me in all kinds of wayside conversations, as we generally lunch under olives, beside streams with frogs barking. Why didn't you come? I should have thought the lectures very good at Siena — & then I like the old maids one meets: but the truth is this is only a discovery — we must have a letter at Fabbria, a little farm we found, further & ever. There is no news. We called in at the Berry's as we passed & found Jamie & Dorothy, perfectly equipped, neat & bright as pins, sitting coffee; I don't care, I must admit for that view, or kick — but then the whole Riviera seems to me Raymond's Country — a big pink pyjama country — however they seemed very friendly, & want us to stay the night going back: but I doubt it. Simon appeared, more gay an organ monkey than ever, & they are all about to start for Jordan Square. Why should I be snubbed for asking to be shown the Studio? Sure enough, I was — He said

"Not today. Perhaps next time." Considering everything I can't see why I should be snubbed – simpleton as I am – but we've seen a great many pictures – San Gemignano today, & yesterday we went to a place where I shall be buried, if bones can walk – Chianti, Monte Oliveto, Oh oh oh – Cypress, square towers, ogres, & not big bony hills. Ultra velvety hills – & the monastery: & as hot as August. But I want deny that we've had some very cold days, – some violent tempests, one at Volterra for example – all became a peasant woman whose voice was piercing, came in & offered 2 candles to the Madonna for rain – which promptly came. Now it's thundery again. – We've been walking all over Lucca, trying to find an antiquity shop, but the only one there was far gone. It's a most busy town. Lots of different markets; & the building – but as I said, I won't commit any faux pas on that

1806 v

head.

I suppose London is rocketing like a
Catherine wheel with various Attendants —
Rumours reach me from Ethel & Co on —
I hear she came to see you, but you could
only talk of her dogs private parts —
We now start home, rather slowly. —
Shall be back on the 27th I think — at
Rodwell. The Car is miraculous — not a
Crump comes through — & in France, of course
it reaches unparalleled Speed;

Shall you be glad to see me? Oh but
you never realised I had gone — Yet to me
Dream Year & Year & all I had seen all
the Countries of the Earth spread before me. This
is Certainly the only way to see Italy.

Are my Book Covers done?

I'm very excited about them.

Do write good Dolphen: the Pen will forward.
Is it true you've been summoned to tea with
the Queen?

VB.

HAMILL 2/10/68

1933

32 T.S. 185

Wednesday.

Raymond says he's written a long letter to Clive so there's nothing for me to add.

It seems much better than we thought from Ritchie, but I gather that F. saw some alarming doctor who gave a most alarming account. However. Ju'll have heard.

Here I am sitting among dust sheets. The telephone rings.

I'm longing for Love when I don't get it: do write & say if you can come over.

B

July 1933

Monday.

186

Clive has just rung up, & says that the Ott: lunch has been decided on, & that I am to take steps. What steps he did'nt seem to know – in fact he was altogether vague.

Could you let me have instructions? I don't know streets addresses, the date, what I'm to do about writing to Ott: in fact nothing.

Lord – what a bore poor old Quentin having whooping cough! I intend writing him a long letter.

Shall you be there on Saturday? Love

186v

coming down on Friday.
It's the 4th night. Adrian
is dining with me.

B

NYPL

Hamilton 2/10/68

13 Sep

Monk's House
Rodmell
near Lewes
Sussex

189

Tuesday

Angelica & Eve seemed to think they would like to spend a night here. But A- seemed to think that Friday & Saturday were impossible, & Eve goes on Sunday. So that seems to leave Thursday only.

I'm afraid I've left this rather late (but we've been out all day travelling back) but could you bring them to tea on Thursday, & we would bring them back early on Friday afternoon!

Of course it might be simpler if A- could come

later alone; only she wanted, I think to come with Eva.
about A's birthday present — I don't know what
she wants: but I think I'll give her some small
present on Saturday: — then perhaps you —
you would choose a dress, or whatever she
wants in London before the year ends.
Lord! what dreams of people we all have —
more than London: so shall leave it for you for
quiet & reasonable talk.
I think you'll have time to send a card about
Thursday.

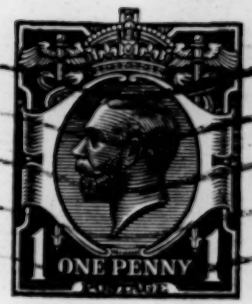
B.

NYPL

HAMILL 2/10/68

188 ✓

POST CARD



Mrs Bell
Charleston
Firle
Lewes.

HAMILL 2/10/68

NYPL

P. S.

or if A. & E. can't
attend the night
would they come
to a birthday
dinner at
Shelleys Cottage
Thursday or
Friday -
& come haste